

YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1897.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate
buds.

It is a curious and a suggestive fact that the first check to the effort to settle the great coal miners' strike comes from the operator who represents the mining interests of Carnegie and Frick. For the second time these names of ill-omen are associated with a labor quarrel which endangers the peace of a great and rich section of the United States.

W. P. De Armitt is president of the New York and Gas Coal Company. His men are still working, and acquiescence is necessary to the accomplishment of any plan for arbitration. The interviews with prominent coal operators which Mr. Creelman furnished to the Journal of yesterday and to-day show how thoroughly De Armitt is master of the situation. His refusal to arbitrate blocks, for the present, all effort in that direction. That he acts with authority is made manifest by the refusal of H. C. Frick, to whom the friends of arbitration appealed, to interfere. It is possible that to the name of Frick may be added new odium to the ill-repute it earned at Homestead.

Mr. De Armitt is too wise to declare himself hostile to arbitration per se. He shrewdly adopts the plan of the United States Senate when an anti-trust bill confronts its vision. The time is not propitious, he says. Arbitration is wholly admirable, but other things must precede it, and so saying De Armitt proceeds to enumerate a number of conditions precedent which would defer arbitration until the millennium. Prior to arbitration upon the issues of pay and differentials between the rival coal fields, he insists that 97 per cent of the operators must join in an agreement enforcing unanimity of weight, screening and loading, and abolishing company stores, wage credits and other "pluck-me" methods. Many operators declare that such an agreement could not be obtained, that Mr. De Armitt is cognizant of the fact and that in making it a condition precedent to arbitration he is merely endeavoring to defeat a peaceful and intelligent adjustment of differences between an enormous army of ill-paid workmen and their employers.

The Journal has no desire to attribute to Mr. De Armitt, at the present moment, any sinister motives. He may be sincere in his position, and may believe that certain existing conditions make arbitration difficult, if not impossible. Yet we believe that with more careful scrutiny of the situation he will see that his attitude is a menace to the peace of the country, a threat even to the continued prosperity of the great properties which he has in hand. The Journal insists that the operators cannot afford to have the refusal of arbitration emanate from them. The sympathy of the public, though somewhat vague and ill-defined, has been with the miners in every great strike, because the people have known how small was the pay these men earned for perilous and taxing work. If to-day, when the miners have offered to submit their claims to arbitration, when there is every reason to believe that President McKinley will cheerfully co-operate to this end, when Bishop Potter has volunteered to cross the ocean to help on a peaceful settlement, when the Governors of five States and the Labor Commissioners of four have entered patriotically into the effort to end the strike—if at such a moment the operators hold aloof from arbitration, and upon one technicality or another stand out for their pound of flesh, the people will hold them to a heavy responsibility.

Governor Black's disapproval of Mayor Strong's order for the removal of Police Commissioner Parker is a very creditable act. Mr. Parker has been an efficient member of the Board, a careful student of police conditions and methods, a man of strong convictions, equipped with both courage and capacity to give his opinions effect.

A Democrat in fact rather than like his party associate, Commissioner Andrews—one in name only, he encountered the hostility of the former President of the Board, Mr. Roosevelt, as soon as the policies of the two clashed. There resulted notorious impotence in the Board, scandalous bickerings which made its sessions ridiculous, and undignified recriminations outside the Board room in which Commissioner Parker took no part. It was sought to throw all blame for this unfortunate condition upon Mr. Parker, and the Mayor, being at one politically with the then President of the Board, gave his aid to the effort. It is to the Governor's credit that he has declined to be made a party to this scheme.

Citizens have noticed that comparative harmony has reigned in the Police Board since Mr. Roosevelt left it to become Assistant Secretary of the Navy. The fact seems to serve as a commentary upon the Governor's verdict that "the efficiency of the Police Board could have been greater is undoubtedly true, but the failure to attain such efficiency seems to have been due rather to the infirmities of several of its members than to the neglect of one."

The meeting of the Christian Endeavor Convention in San Francisco has been notable for an unprecedented development of virtue in that cheerful city. It seems that when the Endeavorers were on their way to the Pacific Coast somebody in one of the tubercular centres of morality in the semi-tropic Southland conceived the luminous idea that, as a compliment to the guests of the State, the press of California should refrain from publishing detailed accounts of crimes or scandals during the convention. The papers of San Francisco, which have a prejudice in favor of printing the news, amended the suggestion by proposing that all citizens refrain from crime or scandalous conduct while the visitors were present.

The idea proved so popular that a moist blanket of morality settled down upon the once gay Pacific metropolis. For a whole week there was "not a single crime of consequence; not a sensational suicide; not even an ordinary sensation." A lady who had inadvertently run away with her friend's husband was promptly arrested

on the complaint of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and when she realized that the Christian Endeavor Convention was in town she immediately abandoned her partner in crime and asked her husband's pardon, which has been granted with the most Christian and gentlemanly alacrity. Even if San Francisco shall relapse into her old ways, this week of virtue will be something to look back upon, and the money laid out upon the entertainment of the Endeavorers will always be regarded as well spent.

Notwithstanding the old proverb, it is not always the unexpected that happens. The complete demolition of the Lexow Anti-Trust law in the very first case in which it has been submitted to the review of a court was anticipated by careful observers at the time the law was passed. The Journal declared during the progress of Senator Lexow's so-called investigation into the methods of the trusts that many incidents indicated a lack of sincere purpose to probe the evil to its very depths. The law, also having Lexow for its author, that resulted from this investigation was condemned before its passage not alone by this paper but by many prominent authorities upon anti-trust law. Justice Chester's decision merely gives judicial expression to the already general condemnation.

It is probable that this decision may somewhat intensify the increasing bitterness of the people against trusts, and may strengthen a certain feeling that the courts are helplessly in Trust control. The latter sentiment, though unjustifiable, is not unnatural. The decisions of the courts in the last six months have seemed almost invariably favorable to the Trusts. In every case the eminent trust lawyers have found some technicality, some unsuspected constitutional limitation, or, on a pinch, some subversive jurors to save their clients from disaster. The people, looking at results rather than causes, find the courts impotent against the legal batteries of the trusts, and in too many cases lay the blame upon the judges.

But the weakness of the anti-trust cases in every instance has its genesis in ill-made law. The proper direction for criticism is against the authors of statutes which either prove impotent or invalid. John Sherman seems to have set the pace in his celebrated anti-trust statute which has proved efficient only against labor unions. Lexow, the hero of a police investigation which stopped at the crucial moment and of a trust investigation which complacently ignored the Standard Oil Company, was less ingenious in his methods. His law is valueless for all purposes except deferring really effective anti-trust legislation for another year. Perhaps that is all Senator Lexow desired.

Our orthodox Republican contemporary, the Commercial Advertiser, has made an important discovery—nothing less, in fact, than that "there is no danger whatever that either of the great parties will ruin this nation."

It thinks that many Republican newspapers did harm at the beginning of the Cleveland Administration by "predicting sweeping ruin as the inevitable result of Democratic supremacy."

As there are still three years before the campaign of 1900, it is possible that this new attitude may become general by that time, to the vast improvement of American political conditions. The Republican party has been engaged in calamity shrieking in every Presidential contest from 1884 to 1896, both inclusive. In 1884 the Democrats were going to ruin the country by stopping the war; in 1888, 1872 and 1876 they were going to ruin it by abandoning the results of the war and consenting to the restoration of slavery and the payment of the Confederate debt; from 1880 to 1892 they were going to plunge it to destruction via British free trade, and in 1896 they were going to bury it from human sight under an eruption of silver.

Presidential campaigns would be much less disturbing to business if the fact were frankly recognized that the republic would continue to survive under the government of either party, and that both organizations were controlled by American citizens who would not deliberately plan and carry out the ruin of their country. It will be hard for the Republican organs and orators to break themselves of the habit of assuming that nothing but Republican rule can hold back an impending deluge of calamities, but if they practise faithfully between now and 1900 they may succeed.

Mr. Bayard in his Fourth of July oration at Philadelphia went into politics, and, reverting to the money question, spoke of the "foolish and impious belief in the power of any government to create values by statute."

This belief is not considered foolish or impious by a great many very practical men. It is held and acted upon by a multitude of gentlemen who devote their lives to securing the increase of the value of the things they have to sell. Take the Sugar Trust, for example. Nobody will be apt to class Mr. Havemeyer with the visionaries, and there are few who would care to fly in the face of fact and accuse Brother Searles of impleity. To question his godliness would be as audacious and widely disturbing as to suspect the genuineness of the piety of Mr. Rockefeller himself.

What is the Congress of the United States doing today, what has it been doing for months past, if not creating values by statute? That is the sole purpose of a protective tariff. Its aim is so to interfere with the natural law of demand and supply as to raise the price of products to the consumer in a restricted market.

Something cannot be made out of nothing, Mr. Bayard, but by statute a demand can be increased or a supply reduced, and the practical effect when values are thus raised is to create them. Silver and gold are no exceptions among commodities to the operation of this law.

It seems that Colonel Watterson is not able to get his convention of gold Democrats very thickly populated, but what it lacks in numbers it will make up for in resolutions. It was Colonel Watterson who was about to resolve 100,000 Kentuckians into Washington on a famous occasion.

The refusal of the Administration to recognize the patronage claims of the Southern delegates to the St. Louis Convention merely goes to show that all Mr. Hanna's operations down there last year were on a cash basis.

A novelty in confagurations occurred at Columbus, Ohio, when flames invaded a fire engine house, spread to an ice cream manufacturing establishment and then destroyed an ice house for good measure.

Having yielded to the entreaties of his friends, Mr. Quay is again a candidate for the United States Senate. It is not believed Mr. Quay's friends were compelled to use a gun to force this concession.

That Indianapolis clergyman who is making comparisons between George Washington and Benjamin Harrison should have some compassion for the living as well as respect for the dead.

If Mark Hanna was really required to take refuge in the White House to escape the office seekers in Washington, he will require a cyclone cellar when he begins to deal with the Ohio voters.

MEADOWBROOK'S
Ancient Adonis.

ALL the country side old Hempstead way is laughing at the predicament in which a certain old chap of the Meadowbrook set finds himself.

He is no Adonis, and never was and never would be if the choice were left to him.

But he hasn't anything to say about the role for which he has been cast, and there the laugh comes in.

A Westbury Venus has picked him out as the object of her languishment, and no run, of the Meadowbrook hounds ever caused greater fun to the spectators than the wild chase that he is leading his fair pursuer.

He is forty if he is a day, and he is deaf as a post, but even in the long ago when he joyed in the full flush of his first youth he was not such a thing of beauty that any woman should lose her wits for love of him.

Therefore some of the Hempstead folk, who are well versed in such matters, do argue right stoutly that the case in point more aptly recalls the story of Titania and Bottom.

Of skill in these finer distinctions I make no pretence. All that I know is that when she goes after him he takes to his heels and all the neighbors crack their sides with laughter. Even Bottom was not as easy enough to run away like that.

Moreover, she is so young and beautiful and like a Venus that, in spite of his years and ears and lack of loveliness, Meadowbrook will let her have her way and call him Adonis, however much more his face may resemble that of Bottom.

What will come of it all is hard guessing, but thus far it has been rare fun for everybody except the poor old chap, who doesn't know what to make of it.

Perhaps it is only midsummer madness, and may pass away when the frost falls. Then she will realize that he is but an ill-favored, hard-riding, middle-aged country gentleman, and such a confirmed bachelor that he cares more for his pet bulldog than for all the women on Long Island.

Meantime misery has marked him for its own, although many a less modest and less circumspect gentleman would enjoy the unwelcome sensation of being the object of such close and constant pursuit.

It is gratifying to learn that John C. Eno was not caught in the failure of Decker, Howell & Co., as was first reported.

There never was a man with more personal charm than "Johnnie" Eno.

Big, handsome, frank, genial and generous, he has attracted men all his life. From his college days to that terrible bank affair that sent him an exile to Canada, nobody had more friends than he, and many of these were so true that they did not let even that awful cloud hide him from their esteem.

Since "Johnnie" Eno came back to New York he has added new friends to the old list, and for that reason there was a general sigh of relief in the clubs and cafes when it was known that he had not been caught in the latest Wall Street crash.

Yachtsmen of New York will do well to keep a weather eye open for Thomas L. Watson, fleet captain of the Atlantic Yacht Club.

He is a coming man in these waters.

Some twenty years ago "Tom" Watson started out to capture the National Guard of the State of Connecticut.

He was a nutmeg Yankee, with a residence in Bridgeport and a business in Wall street. The two were far enough apart to consume a lot of his time in travel, but he didn't mind that.

He could think about stocks and study military tactics at the same time. The result was that in about fifteen years he had arisen from the humble position of a private to the gold lace and glory of a brigadier-general, and was the biggest gun in the Connecticut militia.

Incidentally he had amassed a fortune.

Then, when the National Guard of his native State had grown too small for his amusement and the smell of Niantic powder had palled on his taste, he moved on New York and took to water.

I am not going to say what the result will be, but if anybody is curious to know he can find out by keeping an eye on Watson. The outcome will be worth the trouble.

If the reverend gentleman who has been discharging his salvation ammunition against hot weather immortality had been about yesterday at some of the Summer resorts in the neighborhood of New York he would have trained his guns on wet weather immortality.

I was off on a little picnic with a half-dozen chaps, and I am still suffering from nervous shock at what they said and what they did.

It's the wet rather than the warm that spoils Summer morals, but where they are combined there is indeed no hope.

Everybody in Newport went down to Bailey's Beach yesterday to watch Spouting Rock throw the water fifty feet high in the teeth of the fierce southeast gale.

It was the finest exhibition seen in years and Spouting Rock seemed to be exhibiting in the knowledge that only the socially elect can now bathe in its immediate neighborhood.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Belmont have issued cards for a picnic to-day at their farm, Gray, Craig, at Middletown, and the jolliest time of the season thus far is promised.

Newport luncheons were given yesterday by Mrs. Edward Parshall, Mrs. S. A. Coats and Miss Ella Mason. Mrs. J. J. Myrongs and Miss Florence Lyman entertained with dinners.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, son of the Queen of England, is sulking in his tent because his name did not appear in the newspaper accounts of Victoria's jubilee as often as he thought it should have been printed.

Surely one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

The only enemy I have in the entire Four Hundred is a chap who, whose presence at the Bradley Martin ball I forgot to mention.

"Teddy" Roosevelt was in Newport yesterday as the guest of "Auntie" Morgan, and the attention of the town was diverted momentarily from its purpose of making Oliver Belmont Mayor of the City-by-the-Sea.

But "Teddy" is only a meteor from Washington. When Newport recovers from the blinding brilliancy of his passage it will return to business and Belmont.

Hennen Morris is all right, and so are his trainer and his jockey, but The Friar is "nervous."

This is the official finding of the Jockey Club. Hereafter when the public bets on The Friar it should see that he has a dose of bromo-seltzer before going to the post.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

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ON THE BULL



cold when you come to look at it. You can use that old back drop you had in the second act of "Only a Perfect Lady" and fake up an old well sweep and a rustic cottage for a farmhouse. This act introduces the heroine—

MISS WINSOME—What entrance do you give me, Mr. Freakpage?

TOMMY—Well, you can come down the mountain side, or out of the well, or any old way you like, but, anyway, you come out on the stage and show yourself.

MISS WINSOME—But I want the question of my first entrance settled.

MR. DATES—What's the reason you two can't come together without fighting? I'll fix that first entrance all right. Go ahead, Tommy.

TOMMY—Well, in this act the heroine comes on with a chorus of village maidens and sings her song about "Lifting the Mortgage from the Old Roof Tree," after which she bids farewell to her parents, one of whom has a black silk dress and gray curls, and the other whisks, climbs into an old-fashioned stage coach and disappears.

Curtain.

MISS WINSOME (sarcastically)—That appears to be a very dramatic act, Mr. Freakpage. I like it because it will afford me every opportunity that I could wish.

MR. DATES—Well, the second act occurs in New York, where the mortgage-lifter has gone to earn a thousand dollars. There's a front scene, showing a garret where she's doing the virtuous poverty act among the rats and rafters—that pair of rats you've been using for twenty years, Dates, will do, old boy—and here the wicked tempter, who wears a frock coat, a high hat and a black mustache and corresponds in every particular to a popular idea of the stage millionaire, seeks her out and offers to get her a position on the stage, where her beauty and talents will obtain instant recognition. She accepts the offer and then we show the Raines law club on the night of the grand annual ladies' reception of the Martha Washington Society of Sixth Avenue. This gives you a chance to introduce your specialties, and when they're over the manager announces that the young and beautiful actress, Miss Kitty Gums, will appear in her famous impersonation of the Indian maiden.

MISS WINSOME—Indian nothing! You can just change that to something that will give me a chance to wear my shape dress. There's one thing I want to say, Mr. Freakpage, right here, and that is that you're making the leading part altogether too virtuous and high toned. When the public sees a young girl start off to lift the mortgage on the old homestead they don't look to see her come out in red tights and sing a drinking song. I tell you that I don't see anything in it, as far as you've gone, for me.

TOMMY—You just wait till the end, will you? I've arranged for the

and written it a few lines in which you explain that you wouldn't do it to raise the mortgage on the farm. Of course before you come to that you make quick changes and then the people applaud so (significantly)—I mean the people stare who constitute the audience; I don't know what the other people in it will do when they hear you sing—that the manager takes you one side, by which he leads you down to the footlights and tells you that the gues Martha Washington Society are so pleased with you that they want to see you, or words to that effect. Of course you shudder at the very idea of without skirts—there's a chance for you to do some real acting there—and wicked tempter comes up and tells you that it's all done in the interest that if you refuse your engagement will end then and there and the more be foreclosed and the old people turned out to die, and then you read some lines about a daughter's duty and finally you exclaim, "I will do it, no more the cost!" Music cue. You disappear and come out immediately after stage and sing a song about "Down by the Orchard Wall" or "Deep in the Dells."

MR. CLARE—Really, now, I think that's a most ingenious dramatic act, Freakpage. Certainly it's a very beautiful and taking idea, this young country, who shrinks from revealing her charms to the public gaze as to so if it were not for the loved ones at home. Her feelings seem to be so natural and womanly—

TOMMY—Right you are. I got the idea from Winnie herself. She on the rights for a hundred dollars a night if it wasn't that she's on confirmed mortgage lifters in the profession. I mean by that that mortgage on to the property, instead of off—

MISS WINSOME (somewhat red in the face)—I'll thank you to hold Mr. Freakpage. Your remarks are extremely offensive.

MR. DATES (grinning in spite of himself)—Shut up your head, T on with your reading!

TOMMY—Well, at the close of the song, in comes your sister, down from the country, looking for you. She's blind, so she can't see but she knows your voice. At this minute Captain Chapman comes everybody, with you in the centre of the stage, hollering, "Do no blind sister to jail; it will break her heart!" There's a curtain for don't get two calls on you ought to go in to vaudeville.

MISS WINSOME (dearly)—There ought to be just one call at this p and that one for the author, and by a policeman. Struggling down screaming for my blind sister!

TOMMY—The last act shows the Sheriff auctioning off the old wicked lover, the "Squire" who holds the mortgage, and your own lowered you to the curb, unknown to you—

MISS WINSOME—And what scenes do we have together, pray?

TOMMY—None at all. I fixed it so on purpose to give you the stage to yourself all the time, so we wouldn't hear any kicking about it. Well, just as the house is about to be knocked down to come in, riding on a horse all frescoed with soapuds and raise t point that they all drop out, and the house is yours. Then the ol know how you've made all that money, and hope that you're not come a famous singer, and you prove it by singing a song with t for the chorus. At the conclusion of that song you embrace the ol

tain goes down.

MR. DATES—Tommy, you're great! Mr. Clare, that piece will part of the village maiden will fit this little lady here like a dress, and what's more, I won't have to tap you for more'n a c the thing on in grand style, costumes and all.

Curtain.

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